

Out in the cold

President Clinton should visit Nebraska before end of term



And now we have a Republican governor again. But shouldn't this transcend party politics? We're talking about a matter of state dignity. Most likely, we've just fallen through the cracks. I suppose that happens in a presidency. You just don't get around to doing it all. Previous presidents have left out states, including Nebraska. And they had good reasons.

But to leave one poor state out in the cold wind blowing against the sterile tundra of the Sandhills — that hurts. Mr. President, you've got some time. You can do with it as you please, of course. But we're getting a lot of heat from these new guys who are visiting us. George W. Bush was here from the GOP. Al Gore and Bill Bradley also made stops. But they're mostly concerned with our eastern neighbor and its big caucus.

We don't put much stock in a caucus. We know we're not any fancy state that needs a big poll party to get a presidential or presidential candidate visit. We get by on our merits. Of late, however, that doesn't seem to be working. And it didn't work for Dave Letterman, either. And while we'd like not to have to get bellicose about this situation, we would like it rectified as soon as possible — if only for your own personal advancement, President Clinton. I'm sure you can find some

excuse. Right? Wouldn't you like to be one of those people who has visited all 50 states? Besides, Mr. President, you'd like Nebraska. It's what our slogan proclaims: The Good Life. Now that you're a New Yorker, you'll need a break from the rat race. It may be your only chance before you get swallowed up in the day-to-day hell of the ex-presidency. And you might make a day of it before your term is up — just to see the lay of the land. Have a steak. Talk to the farmers. Save us from our shame.



Adam J. Klinker is a junior English and history major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

It worked well enough for David Letterman last week when he won his version of Campaign 2000 — Hillary Clinton appeared on "The Late Show." Now, if only Nebraska could do something similar to get her husband to make at least a token visit to the Cornhusker State.

For weeks, Letterman endlessly campaigned to get the First Lady to make an appearance on the show. After enduring taunting and belligerent harassment, the Senate hopeful (newly from New York) finally came to the stage of the Ed Sullivan Theater. So help us out, Dave. What was the secret? Give us some chance. Plead our case to the nation. We've got your home office in Yahoo. We've got football. And I've just learned we have the 11th-most nuclear weapons of all states. What else? More pugnacious tactics?

How does one catch a Clinton? In the two terms of his presidency, Bill Clinton has not visited Nebraska. As sadistic as it may sound, there are people in this state who are proud of this. Of course, they're called Republicans. They've said Nebraska is the luckiest state in the Union because of our omission on the presidential itinerary.

But for the rest of us, the only view of this debacle of overlook is one of embarrassment.

What does it say about our state? However paltry an issue it may be, it feels somewhat like a banishment to the Land of Nod. We're not being ignored. We're being forgotten.

Or is it a chastisement for not voting for Clinton in 1992 or 1996? Probably not, but it doesn't help our chances.

A perfect world

Tax-free land of Pudding Pops, good grades would please columnists



Where the heck's my beatin' stick? This world has pushed me just a little too far. I am sick and tired of all the unfairness in life, especially when it involves me giving my money to the government. Damn! Drat! Darn!

When am I going to get my share of the cash settlement? I'm not using the armed forces or emergency services (thank God). I can't be a welfare mother. I read at a third-grade level (thank you very much, Yutan Public Schools). And I swear I've never driven on a paved road in my life.

So where's my money going? To people who don't deserve it, that's who.

Like farmers, for instance. I get my steak and eggs every day without ever seeing a farmer, and our government gives them money for doing jack squat. If you ask me, farmers are about as useful as old people or inanimate carbon rods, unless these rods are employed in some useful manner. Furthermore, I get occasionally

locked up, against my will, for my "episodes," thank you very much. Like this one time at Von Maur, I was sitting there, enjoying the non-religious Christmas music, when all of a sudden I realized I hadn't clipped my toenails in four months.

Now, I don't care how much self-control you have, you could be one of those Amish jerks who sits there for 23 hours not saying anything, but if you hadn't clipped your toenails in four months, you'd make some noise. And that's what I did.

The management didn't like this, though, and they called security. In the end, they sedated me with their nightsticks and they took me away to Normal Manor, where I shared a room with Bob Christ for three weeks.

Perhaps you've met Bob. He likes to hang around the Super Kmart parking lot and yell at migrant meatpacking-plant employees.

He kept trying to get my tasty Jell-O Brand Pudding Pops. He seemed to think he had some right to them, since he was "Jesus' well-endowed half brother." I still may have had room for Jell-O, but I decided to hand it over when he threatened to start "preaching" to me.

If only it were a perfect world (sigh)...

A perfect world?! Just what in the hell are you talking about, Chris? The days of forbidden fruit and women clad in fig leaves are far gone. I understand your anger. I hate those Amish jerks just as much as you do.

They're always out there clippity-clopping around with their "Oh, I'm too holy to have my picture taken!" attitudes. But sitting there on your ass won't change it. Besides, it's my turn to whine.

If only it were a perfect world (sigh)...

In a perfect world, Abercrombie and Fitch would be forced to print a special quote on the back of all of their shoddily crafted T-shirts and clothing. It would read "Abercrombie and Fitch: Ridding the world of its greatest authors since July 2, 1961."

I have a feeling that the 12-gauge shotgun that Ernest Hemingway purchased from A&F and used to spill his brains out was as worthless as its clothing line. Who's at liberty to say that a malfunctioning safety is not to blame for the loss of Hemingway's life?

Every day in grade school, I stared at the American flag and spouted out the words to the "Pledge of Allegiance." On some days, I felt patriotic. On others, I relentlessly searched for a lighter. Regardless, at

no point in my short, uneventful life have I ever been at enough of a liberty to make the call on Hemingway's death. If you want my opinion, I think Hemingway should have shopped at American Eagle.

Warnings on T-shirts wouldn't be all that this "perfect" world would contain, however. A perfect world would protect rural communities and small towns from friability. Village residents wouldn't have to worry about protecting the vacant buildings within its confines from outsiders.

The pain caused each time a portion of the town is lost wouldn't be there, either. I don't care how biased this sounds. Until you've been there, you'll never understand.

My randomness, this randomness, would be questioned less and listened to more in a perfect world.

I wouldn't be the only person who could see the demon that George Orwell bestowed upon me so many years ago in a perfect world. Others would know. They would see the correlation between the width of his grin and the depth of his claws in my flesh. They would realize why I've written this paragraph 17 different times.

I would no longer be the only one spending my entire life hunting the Jabberwocky. His flaming eyes wouldn't burn through me alone. Vorpal sword in hand, every student

on campus would grow wearier by the second, knowing that the Jubjub bird or frumious Bandersnatch may come whiffing out of the tulgey wood at any second.

Tempted by the rest and comfort offered by the Tumtum tree, students would dream of the snicker-snack of their sword blades, followed by the vision of the Jabberwocky's head falling to the ground.

"4.0's for all!" they'd scream. "The Jabberwocky is dead."

Instead, they'd search for years, only to find that he'd been busy bowling perfect game after perfect game at the Nebraska East Union the entire time.

In this "magical happy land," I could speak of my never-ending search for a "farrago of falsehoods in Fargo" without being accused of eating mushrooms and reading Seuss. I'm telling you, I haven't read a Dr. Seuss book in years.

And in a perfect world, whoever the jerkass is who stole the handle to Bob Dylan's pump and forced him into his underground, far-away, never-ending battle with sadness would be forced to return it to him. Then Dylan could pour us all a tall, frosty glass of whatever the hell he's been drinking for the last forty years. Then the world would be perfect. Maybe some more people would finally start believing in Zimmerman, too.

Chris Gustafson is a sophomore agricultural economics major, and Lucas Christian Stock is a freshman English major. They are Daily Nebraskan columnists.